

Later, Jenny helped her grandfather cook some fish. It was delicious.

“It’s different than the fish at home,” she said.

“It was still in the sea this morning,” Mr McDonald laughed. “Fresh fish always tastes better.”

Jenny was very tired after dinner. It was only ten o’clock but she wanted to go to bed.

“I can’t believe it,” she told her grandfather. “I don’t go to bed until eleven o’clock when I’m at home.”

“Don’t worry, it’s the sea air,” Mr McDonald said. “You’ll sleep well tonight. You won’t hear the storm.”

Jenny read a book for a while, and then, before she got into bed, she watched the waves. They were higher than the rocks. The wind was stronger now and it blew hard against her window. Storm clouds ran across the sky and, from time to time, **lightning** lit up Shark Rock – and a big ship in the distance.

“How am I going to sleep with all this noise?” she thought. “It’s worse than the traffic at home. But I’m glad I’m not on that ship!”

At last, Jenny fell asleep. Suddenly, at midnight, a loud noise woke her up. She sat up in bed and listened, **trembling**. Then she ran to the window and looked out.

“That ship’s too close to Shark Rock!” she thought. “I think it’s in danger.”

CHAPTER 3

SHIPWRECK!

In the light of the moon, Jenny saw Mr McDonald in the garden.

“What’s happening, Grandfather?” she shouted.

“A ship hit the rocks a few minutes ago!” he shouted back.

“I’m going down to the beach to help. Stay there!”

“No, wait! I’m coming with you!” Jenny shouted.

She quickly put on her jeans and an anorak before going

downstairs and into the garden. Jenny and her grandfather ran down the steps to the beach. Two **coastguards** were already there, talking to the **emergency services** on their telephone. Mr McDonald opened the door of the boat house and they went inside, out of the wind and rain.

“What will the people on the ship do?” Jenny asked.

“Don’t worry,” Mr McDonald answered, looking out of the window. “Look, there’s the rescue helicopter already.”

Jenny looked up and saw the small lights of the helicopter in the black sky. They came closer. Soon, the helicopter was above the ship.

“They’re sending down a rope now,” Mr McDonald said.

“It’s very dangerous,” said Jenny.

“Don’t worry, the pilot knows his job,” said Mr McDonald.



Jenny looked up and saw the small lights of the helicopter in the black sky.